1954

HOURGLASS

Bobbie. Richardson

THE
1954
HOURGLASS
COLUMBIA SCHOOL

Rochester, New York

THE 1954 HOURGLASS

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ALMA MATER

Spirit of Columbia,

Speak to us, we pray;

Fill our hearts with highest thoughts;

Guide us every day.

Give to us a great desire,

Eagerness for truth,

Duty, work, simplicity,

Essence of fine youth.

Carry on with character--

That will be the test.

Down the years Columbia

Always seeks the best.

Spirit of Columbia,

Inspiration fine,

Grant us quality of thought,

Alma Mater mine.

DEDICATION

Dear Miss Reid:

This year, as in past years, you have helped us to appreciate the rights of others, and have guided us in fair play, and loyalty.

Your friendly smile and warm greetings have brightened our years here at Columbia, and we wish to thank you for being the friend and counselor that you have been to us.

For all these things, and many more, we, the class of 1954, now dedicate this book to you.

The Seniors

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

SEATED, LEFT TO RIGHT: Dr. Paul W. Beaven, Mr. Lucius Gordon, Mr. Clarence S. Lunt, Mr. Thomas C. T. Buckley, Mr. Frank B. Alberts, Mr. Gaylord C. Whitaker. STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mrs. Leon Forgie, Mrs. E. P. Curtis, Mr. Elliott Gumaer (Chairman), Mrs. D. E. Simpson, Mrs. Vincent Jones. ABSENT: Mrs. Robert M. Galbraith, Mrs. John A. Rodgers, Mr. Neil O. Broderson, Mr. Frederick Pierson, Dr. Wilbour E. Saunders, Mr. Melvin B. Neisner.

MRS. DELLA E. SIMPSON

Headmistress

Read good books,

Hear good music,

Pick good friends,

Be a good friend,

Think good thoughts,

Do good deeds,

Give good for evil,

Always remember that for you

Life is too short to be little.

Della Simpson

Let the ingredients of this next experiment be your will to learn, your courage to try that which is hard, plus the whole realm of knowledge. Let your curiosity be the energizing agent and good humor be the catalyst. What will the products be? You will find delight and freedom that accompanies understanding.

MISS NELL S. SKILLIN

Associate Headmistress

FACULTY

MRS. DELLA SIMPSON, M. A.
Headmistress, Current History

MISS NELL SKILLIN, M. Ed.
Associate Headmistress, Chemistry

MISS SARA J. CADY, M. A.
History, Social Studies

MRS. JEAN CAMPBELL, B.S.
Middle School English, Science

MISS RUTH C. CHILD, Ph. D.
English

MISS ELIZABETH CHURCHILL, M.A.
Mathematics

MISS GRACE DIMENT, Diploma in teaching
Third Grade

MISS MIRIAM EATON, B.A.
First Grade

MISS ALNA VLASKAMP
Sixth Grade

MISS PRISCILLA FERGUSSON
Nursery School

MR. THEODORE HOLLENBACH
Singing

MISS MAISIE LITTLEFIELD, B.S.
Nursery School

MISS DOROTHY MEEHAN, B.S.
Phylical Education, Hygiene

MR. ALFRED L. MELENBACKER, JR., B.A.
Art, History of Art

MISS HELEN MONROE, B.A.
Second Grade

MRS. LAURA PLASS, Diploma in Teaching
Middle School Mathematics, Social Studies

MISS JEAN REID, B.A.
Mathematics, Science, Biology

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MRS. MARGUERITE TREMAN, Certificate
French

MISS JOAN TWADDLE, M.A.
Latin, English

MLLE. OLGA VUAGNIAUX, Diplome Pedagogique
French, Spanish

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MISS GRACE ALEXANDER
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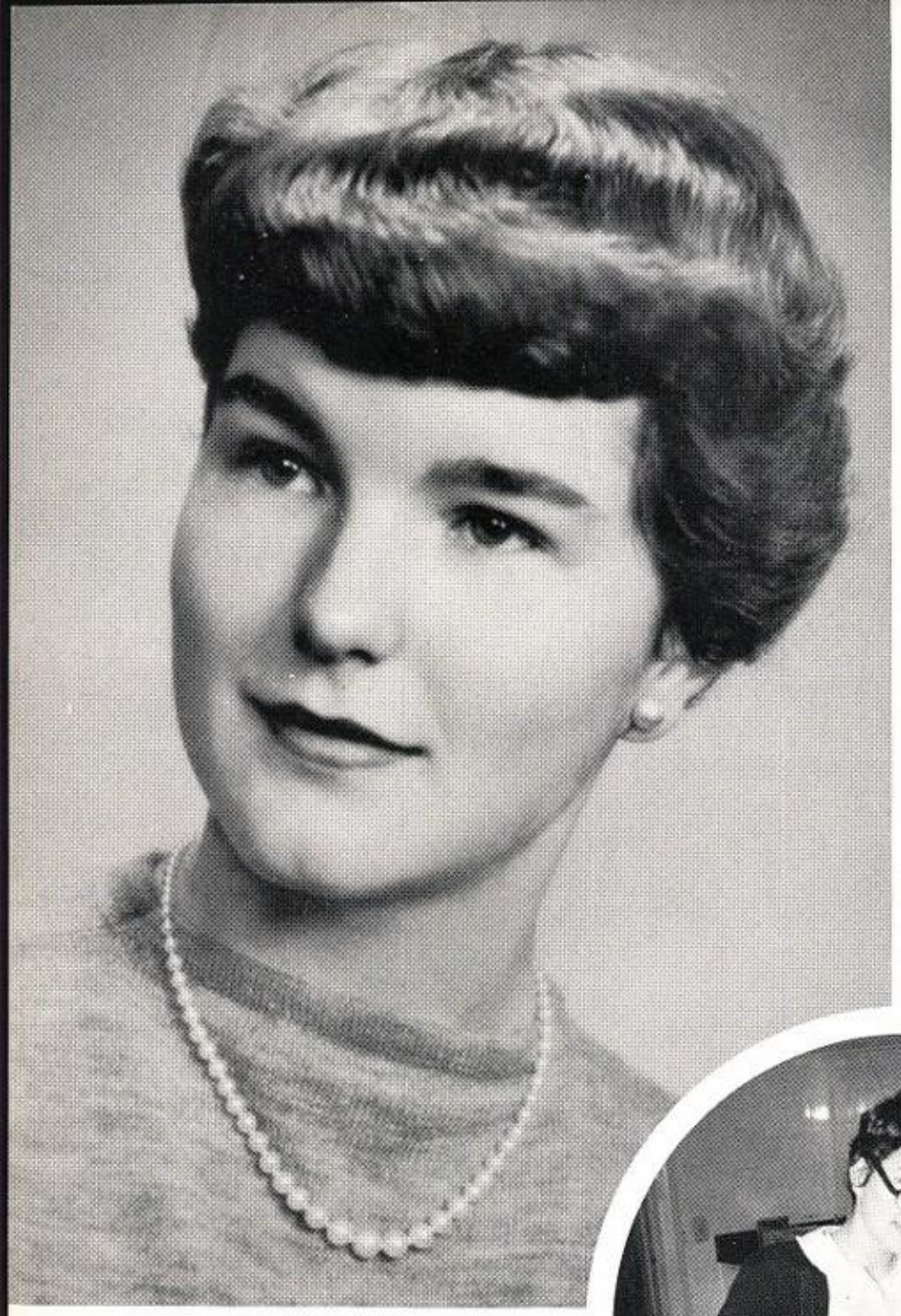
Librarian

MRS. ZELDA JOHNSON, B.S.
Food Supervisor

MISS MAY McNEVIN, R.N.
School Nurse

JUNIOR HORSE SHOW
WHY BE DIFFICULT?
WITH JUST A
LITTLE MORE
YOU CAN BE
IMPOSSIBLE
CAMP
TANAMAKOON
PINE ORCHA
CONN.



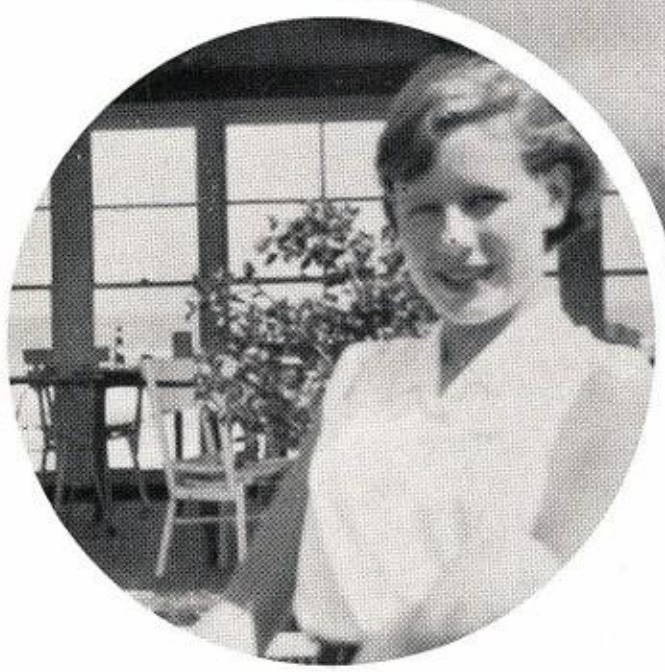
"You know, I could learn to hate you"...This may be Elaine's original expression, but we know she never means it...It's just another part of her sparkling humor...Another man-hater...But we have noticed that she doesn't mind having men around...Enjoys her summers in her own back yard..."We'd better be nice to Elaine...summer's coming"...A natural-born genius... the only one who can answer Miss Skillin's questions clearly...and intelligently..."Please sign up for caroling" ...Elaine's the musical one of the group ..."One day a hush will fall"...And there she'll be...on stage at the Met... No matter what she does, we know that with her talent and charm...Elaine is bound to be a success!

ELAINE FORTUNE BALTZER

"Elaine"

"I am not in the role of common men."

Study Hall Committee 3; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Chairman of Music Committee for the Christmas Dance 4; Chairman of Music Committee 4; Chairman of the Assemblies Committee 4; Senior Forum; White Team. Two years at Columbia.



BARBARA MARTIN BEALE

"Barby"

Beale...A blondie with gray-green eyes and a special love for bracelets... Class pres...."Are there any announcements?"...Greatest dislike, breakfast ...But she eats like a horse at other meals...A "cool kid"...Wearing Argyle knee socks...our Black Watch gal ...Children love her...Been an aunt seven and a half times!!...Famous for her loud laugh...Good at giggles, too ...We wonder what she thinks about when in one of those very quiet moods ...A summertime Canadaigua Lake enthusiast...Another knitter, but when will she get that other sock done?...A top-ranking back-seat driver complete with a spine-tingling scream...A happy-go-lucky girl, we hope that the best will always be coming Barb's way.

"We burn daylight."

Flagraiser 1; Dress Committee 2; Dramatic Club 3; Study Hall Committee 4; Class President 4; Assistant Bell Ringer 4; Social Work 3; Blue Team. Four years at Columbia.

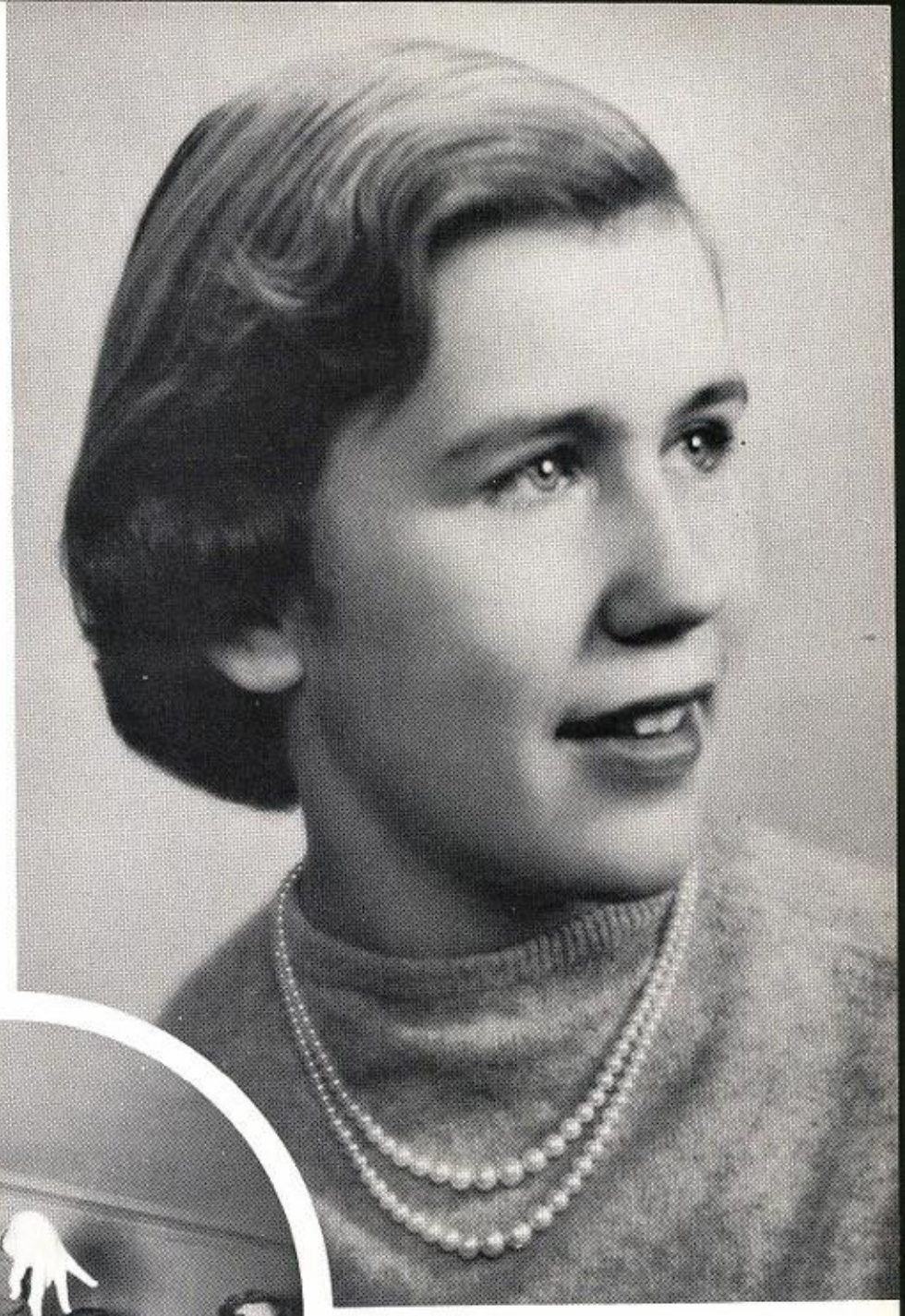
BARBARA CURRIE BOWMAN

"Barb"

Got a piano that needs playing?... "Went Down to St. James Infirmary"... Sings every Cornell song that has ever been written...Maybe more...Woman of the world...Knows her way around a Chem. Lab...Oh, that scientific mind ...Barb and Martin Kane are the only ones that "always get their men"... Perfect business woman...Collects class dues with finesse...Only person who can get 50¢ from us once a month!... The *Hourglass* never had it so good... Ads sold in record time...Want a heel turned?...Barb is the domestic type... And our sophisticate...Fun to be with ...Got a problem?...Bowman's got a solution...And with it, free for nothing, goes a significant wink and that famous smile.

"Mine honor is my life; both grow in one."

Chairman of Food Committee for the Hallowe'en Party 1; Chairman of Food Committee for the May Breakfast 2; Business Staff of *Hourglass,* 3; Class Treasurer 2, 3, 4; Co-chairman of the Christmas Dance 3; Junior Health Association 3, 4; Business Manager of *Hourglass* 4; Senior Forum; White Team. Four years at Columbia.



Margot...Who calls you that, Margot?...Goes strictly for college men...they're more considerate... Anything you want to hear, Margot can play...practically a second Mozart... "I know this is awfully dumb, but"... The Iliad has the most fascinating characters...Touched the hand that touched the hand of Mrs. Eisenhower...makes her the senior celebrity...Some might think her quiet, but this girl can outtalk anyone...A great passion for sticking horns...Known by that brown house with the red door...Only one in the world...Can really do that Hula like a native...Girl of all trades..."But won't my hair ever grow?"...It's a sad life ...But Margot pulls through...and right on top.

MARGOT ELIZABETH CAMERON

"Margot"

"Virtue is bold and goodness never fearful."

Study Hall Committee 2; Social Work 3; Dramatic Club 4; Master Treasurer 4; Library Committee 4; Blue Team. Four years at Columbia.

DOROTHY ANTOINETTE COOK

"Toni"

The envy of "Eugene and José"... And the pride, joy...and downfall of any teacher...That's our T...Need a helping hand?...Toni's always willing to take on an extra job..."Gorgeous George" of the Senior class...A dream on the dance floor...Will make a wonderful mother some day...if she ever settles down...But she's one of the few who just can't seem to fall...or at least not that we know of...Keeps her life a deep, dark secret...But that makes it all the more fascinating...Where's T? ...She may never be on time...but when she finally makes it, her presence is made known...That spontaneous personality and willingness to work will take Toni a long way.

"What's mine is yours."

Study Hall Committee 3; Dramatic Club 3; Hospital Work 3, 4; House Committee 4; Student Council 4; Junior Health Association 3, 4; Chairman of Decorations Committee for Christmas Dance 4; Business Staff of *Hourglass* 3, 4; White Team. Fourteen years at Columbia.

Here she comes...Gavel in one hand...Knitting in the other...Cheery ...Optimistic...With a smile and a "HI, THERE!" for everyone...Dig those crazy red knee socks!...She has such pretty legs...Originator of the strangest hair cuts...But they seem to add to her attraction...Anyone for bridge?...She doesn't even need her rules now...Just loves Math..."Miss Church, I understand it after you explain it, but"... Did you bring an apple for the teacher today, Peg?...Oodles of fun...and yet...efficient and responsible... "Look, kids, something has got to be done"...And you can be sure that when Peg's around, something will be done ...and done well.

PEGGY SHEPARD FOXALL

"Peg"

"Young in limbs, in judgment old."

Student Council 1; Assemblies Committee 2; Literary Staff of *Hourglass* 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Red Cross Representative 3, 4; Chairman of Library Committee 3; Chairman of Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Class President 2; President of Student Council 4; Senior Forum; Blue Team. Five years at Columbia.

VIRGINIA HEATHER GALBRAITH

"Heather"

Ginny...But still Heather to us... A smiling, round face...Always has something cheerful to say..."Won't you please bring in...?" ...Puts herself enthusiastically into anything she does, whether work or play...Could out-talk the best with that booming voice... "Now I wouldn't say that"...Seems to manage to have more dates and weekends than all of us combined...Famous for her car, THE HEARSE...A ready and willing chauffeur...She never tires of telling about her fabulous Canadian summer..."Oh, this old rag, it's just my Mother's"...Knit a sweater in English Class?...A party goer and giver... Initiated those great Sunday night affairs...Enjoys living and diffuses that joy wherever she goes.

"What is the city but the people?"

Business Staff of *Hourglass* 3, 4; Social Work 3, 4; Chairman of Finance Committee for Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Chairman of Finance Committee for Christmas Dance 4; Social Welfare Committee 4; White Team. Three years at Columbia.

Tiny, twinkling brown eyes... Curly, short hair...A smartly attired girl...With a cheerful greeting of HI, GUYS...That's our Marty...She's very sensitive and quick to realize others' feelings, and has capricious moods of her own, too...Famous for delightful dinner parties...Bob Cratchit...Always ready and willing to lend a hand ...Always a friend and an especially good listener...Keeper of the Pupils' Activities Book...Spends fabulous summers on "The Cape"...At home is often found at the piano...One of our knitters...An individual whose charm lies in the fact that she is always herself and never taken by any whimsical affectations or passing fads...A gal with lots of spark who is great fun.

MARTHA MARIE HARRIS

"Marty"

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."

Social Welfare Committee 1; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Study Hall Committee 4; Keeper of Pupils' Activities Book 4; Social Work 4; Blue Team. Six years at Columbia.

Good old Sal...Finally got her license...Mr. Hollenbach's favorite accompanist...The school musician and the second sopranos' life-saver... "Yeah, sure"..."Maybe next year"... "See you around"...Goes for men, tall or short...makes no difference...Owns a bottomless cookie jar...The Social Welfare executive...Never a dull moment with Sally...except for 5th period ...Takes little vacations now and then ...We're all waiting to see her new dog!!..."Sally, could I possibly see you sometime today?--I just don't get problem 6!"...The class tutor...serious-minded girl...listens...watches ...absorbs...learns all she can...that's Sally...an *A number ONE* gal with personality, attraction, and ability.

SARA RUTH HUNT

"Sal"

"Service is no heritage."

Athletic Association 1; Student Council 2; Co-Chairman of Hallowe'en Party 2; Social Welfare Committee 3; Literary Staff of *Hourglass* 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Bell Ringer 3; Music Committee 4; Chairman of Invitations Committee for Christmas Dance 4; Vice-president of Student Council 4; White Team. Four years at Columbia.

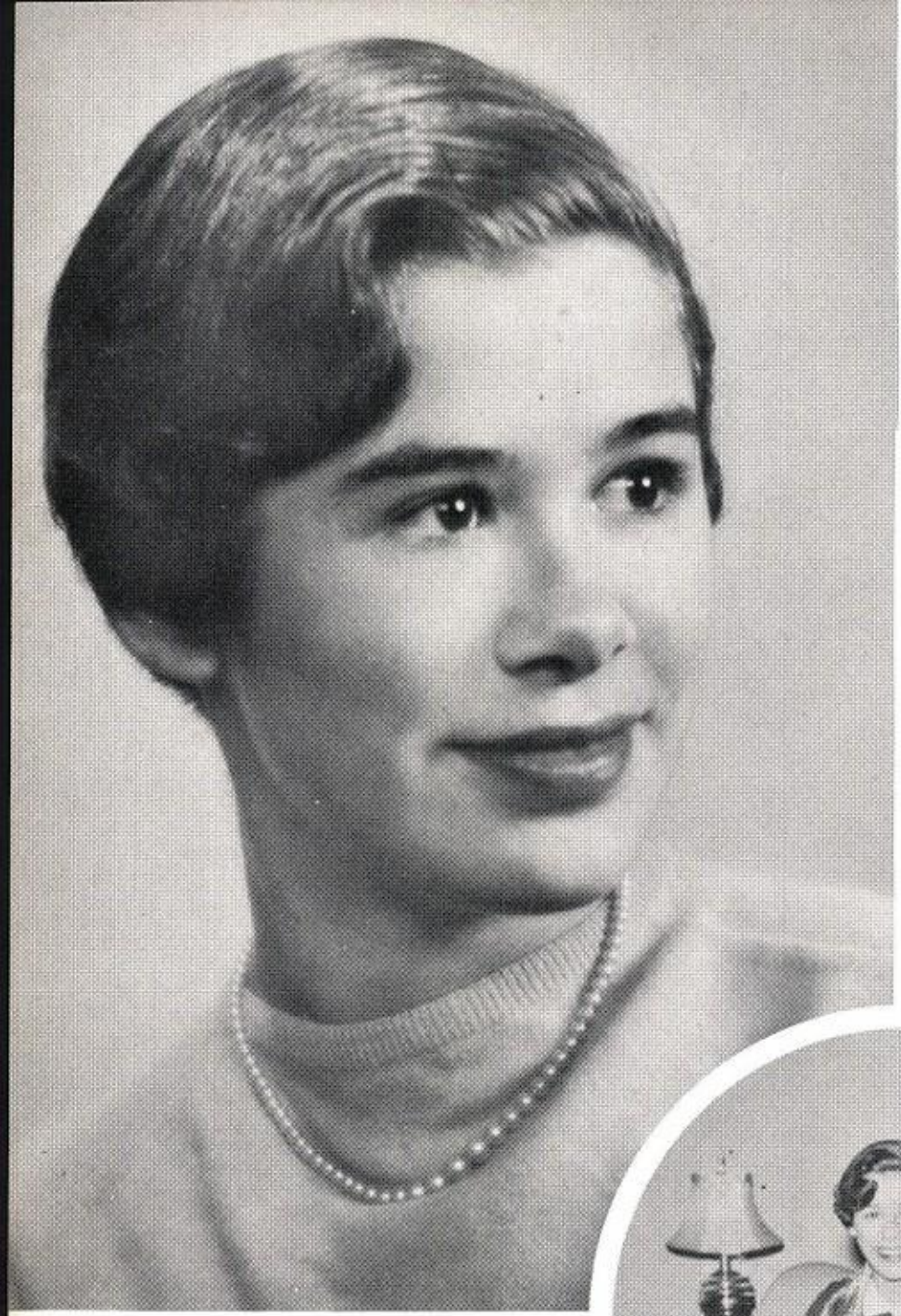
"Leetle Lervental"...But far from inconspicuous...a surprise package of brains and personality packed behind a magazine-ad complexion and under a "thatched roof"..."Want the chocolate chips out of my cookie?"...Where there's fun, there's Lowenthal!...When ordering, "I'll have a hot-dog, a hamburger, and a knife, please."...or at Bridge, "I have to get seven piles?"..."I'm not going to open a book tonight!"...Jacob Marley himself couldn't have done as well...A slave driver during work period...an efficient chairman...Got her license on the first try..."Want to go to Dairy Queen?"...Generous and with an even temperament, Nance is our favorite invention...and our favorite.

NANCY LOWENTHAL

"Nancy"

"My good will is great, though the gift small."

House Committee 2; Literary Staff of *Hourglass* 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Social Work 3; Junior Red Cross Representative 3, 4; Chairman of Food Committee for Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Chairman of House Committee 4; Student Council 3, 4; Senior Forum; Blue Team. Three years at Columbia.



ANN COLLIER MORGAN

"Morg"

Morg...Deep, brown eyes overflowing with laughter and kindness... Last to pass judgment on a person...And that judgment is never harsh...Possessor of one of the biggest and warmest hearts ...A hard worker...Her team spirit and enthusiasm made her a good leader of the Blue Team...A ready smile and a sympathetic ear...She always has a house full of friendly people...Did you ever put those parking meters in, Morg? ...Our class clown with a laugh to match...Appreciates your jokes, and always pops up with one or two of her own...A walking fog horn...Got a kleenex, Morg?...And an ardent member of the needle and yarn club...An ever busy telephone...Her Buick is always going your way...Her gay and generous spirit has made Ann many friends who we know will never forget her.

"How far that little candle throws his beams."

Dress Committee 3; Social Work 3; Assemblies Committee 4; Head of Supply Closet 4; Athletic Association 4; Blue Team Captain 4; Art Staff, *Hourglass* 4. Four years at Columbia.

Personality plus...The ambitious one of the lot...Can't decide which to be...a Sarah Bernhardt or an opera singer...Better stick to acting, Jules ..."Oh, you kids, do you really mean it?"...Future Olympic star...never more at home than on skiis...Julie, what's that special attraction that makes you so admired?...Guess we'll never know...Has become a great authority on knitting...and deep, deep books... A medical phenomenon...She really expressed those interns...Our 4-H gal ...pride of her neighborhood...Julie with her brood...Marcy, Teddy and Sibyl...Love me, love my dog...Study Hall was never so good...Julie's outstanding mark on Columbia-it will last a long time.

JULIA NEWTON

"Julie"

"What you do still betters what is done."

Co-Chairman of Hallowe'en Party 1; Class President 2; Student Council 3, 4; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; President of Dramatic Club 3; Chairman of Study Hall Committee 4; R.A.U.N. Representative 4; Blue Team. Four years at Columbia.

SHIRLEY ANN PETROSSI

"Shirley"

The refreshing senior...Gives all the rest of us hope...At least she was not "ditched"...Her resistance is down ...Sailing is a great sport...Thursday French class...What does *loup* mean, Shirl?...Those mad summers...The name of Pine Orchard is now famous... The strictest Residence ever...That's because Shirley is such a perfect angel ...Can't hide belts or saddle shoes from her...Always on the job...Being Dress Committee Chairman and White Team Captain is very tiring...Too much for Shirley who needed a vacation last fall ...Strictly for health purposes...Says she hates men...but, "You don't know, do you!"...Has connections with the Ramblers...Teaches us how to handle parents...A great help...In every way.

"To unpathed waters, undreamed shores"

Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Study Hall Committee 1; Student Council 2; Chairman of Flower Committee for May Breakfast 2; Chairman of Welcoming Committee for Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; White Team Captain 4; Chairman of Dress Committee 4; Chairman of Welcoming Committee for Christmas Dance 4; Athletic Association 4; Head of the Residence 3, 4. Four years at Columbia.

Hospitality and generosity...pep and sparkling eyes...our Kodak model ..."My senior picture...Oh, it's awful!"...a bit forgetful...conveniently so...Remembered any French classes lately, Peg?...Pedro's friend...and duet partner...Openhouse at Pevear's ...Bound to be good...Men are her only weakness...Lies in the sun from April to October...Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Canandaigua ...or Norway...or Paris..."C'est Si Bon"...Our continental gal who can roll her r's..."Want a ride?"...She hates back seat drivers...just ask the other Peg...Best *Hourglass* yet...Peg ...A combustible combination of personality...and high spirits.

MARGARET BOOTH PEVEAR
"Peg"

"There's a time for all things."

Study Hall Committee 1, 2; Assemblies Committee 1; Work Committee 3; Literary Staff of *Hourglass* 3; Dramatic Club 3; Chairman of Decorations Committee for Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Class President 3; Social Work 3; Assistant Bell Ringer 3; Editor of *Hourglass* 4; Secretary of Student Council 4; Chairman of Christmas Dance 4; Blue Team. Fourteen years at Columbia.

CYNTHIA WINSLOW THOMSON
"Cindy"

The baby of the class...still, she's been around...That sparkling smile attracts them all...infants to old men... Gentlemen prefer blonds with size ten shoes and curly locks...They protect her...Athletic Cindy isn't as brave as you might think...Still enjoys tricks or treats...Our nervous classmate..."I simply hate men with lines!"...But what's to stop her from falling for them? ...You're turning red, Cindy!..."But I just can't do it"...Said she knew how to handle Mamzelle...But Mamzelle wouldn't be charmed, even by a photogenic face, adorable glasses, feminine hands, and graceful legs...The girl who starts those expressions and jokes...The A.A. is growing with Cindy at the wheel ...Even this happy-go-lucky senior has her serious side.

"I was not born under a rhyming planet."

Athletic Association 2; Library Committee 3; Literary Staff of *Hourglass* 3, 4; Social Work 2, 3; Chairman of Entertainment Committee for Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; President of Athletic Association 4; Student Council 4; Chairman of Food Committee for Christmas Dance 4; White Team. Four years at Columbia.

Sweet, innocent Sue...But "If you knew Susie like we know Susie!"...A gal with a lot on the ball...Seldom serious...but can be when necessary... The perfect driver..."Oh dear, that was a red light, wasn't is?...Can't seem to keep my mind on driving today!" ...What were you thinking about, Sue? ...It couldn't be men because Sue hates them...but she manages to snare them just the same...Maybe it's her scheming that does it..."Dramatic Club tonight" ...Sue's an actress now...and we might add, a menace in the Chem Lab...There is a difference between concentrated and dilute acid, Sue...A great person to have around...With her personality and pep, she'll liven up a party anywhere!

SUSAN VanDEVENTER
"Sue"

"As merry as the day is long."

Assemblies Committee 3; Dramatic Club 3, 4; President of Dramatic Club 4; Dress Committee 4; Blue Team. Two years at Columbia.

CLASS HISTORY

On September 18, 1950, the Class of 1954, the "Class with the Character" as we were later named, entered the gates of the Columbia School. With us that day were eight new girls, to take the place of Sally and Diana. Shall we ever forget initiations? Such creatures as Teddy Snow Crop Cameron and Gorgeous George Foxall appeared before the school as a preview of what to expect from us for the next four years. We became actresses that year with our original play, which we appropriately named "Just Plain Different." Never has Miss T. had such fun as when she taught Marty and Toni to be insane. They learned quickly!!!

As Sophomores, in spite of losing three girls, we gained Nancy and Heather and managed to get our revenge on the Freshmen at initiation. We snared our dates for the Christmas Dance early that year. Just ask Barb Beale about the changes that can take place between October and December. May brought the crowning of the Seniors and our graceful performance as dancers. Many of us wished we hadn't eaten so many strawberries, but the bad effects didn't last long enough to prevent us from becoming Juniors.

Two more characters from Pittsford were added to the collection in our Junior year. With Mamzelle as our homeroom teacher we managed to get into more trouble and stay even longer on Fridays, especially Cindy. We established the "Constitution of Conservative Women" and most of us managed to abide by its stringent laws. Responsibilities hit us hard when March came, and with it the Fathers'-and-Daughters' Banquet. Then on top of that we became launched on our Social Welfare project: a fashion show, which was much work but very rewarding. As tradition goes, we gave the Graduation Dance in honor of the Seniors, and--thanks to our mothers, who did all the work--we stayed out well into the wee hours of the morning. We ended our Junior year broke, but had faith in Barb Bowman who we knew would continue to hound us for dues.

All sixteen of us came back from summer vacation "mature", "responsible", and "ready to settle down" to the difficult jobs ahead. Regardless of the fact that we poor "Geeses" had spent most of our Fridays staying for Mamzelle, we had requested, and she had consented (with loud groans) to have us for another year. And so once again we suffered through dark homeroom periods, clean closets, and straightening chairs ("five in a row") and faithfully (?) said "Bonjour" every morning to our "pauvre petite Mother Goose." We invaded the U. of R. for more than one reason this year, College Boards being the most enjoyable one, of course.

In spite of all the fun we had been having, the work must have been too hard, since it was necessary for Sally and Julie to take rather prolonged vacations. However, the rest of us managed to keep going until Christmas without any major mishaps. As a matter of fact, in order to make the work less tedious we produced some book reports which were apparently such excellent criticism that they were posted on the bulletin board. As a result, some of us have decided to take up writing as a career.

The Christmas Dance was a great success with Margaret as its chairman. And after a wonderful vacation, during which Shirley, Sue, Ann, and Elaine became temporarily engaged, we settled down once again. We now were looking forward with the greatest joy to exams, College Boards, college acceptances, college weekends, and GRADUATION.

Elaine	Barb	Barb	Margot
Toni	Peg	Ginny	Marty
Sal	Nancy	Morg	Julie
Shirley	Peg	Cindy	Sue

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the class of 1954, never having been of sound mind, do hereby leave our first will and testament.

Elaine Baltzer leaves Columbia a little worse for the wear.

Barb Beale leaves her laugh to anyone who can stand it.

Barb Bowman leaves a piano and a battered book of bridge rules to any Junior who is not adept at the fine art of playing bridge.

Margot Cameron leaves a bottle of Halo to the two Betsys, and an economy size one thrown in for Sharyl.

Toni Cook leaves her tail to Mimi who has a pony.

Peg Foxall leaves "Calamity Jane" Hyndman with no one to tell her troubles to.

Ginny Galbraith leaves Karen four pairs of freshly run stockings for future college houseparties.

Marty Harris leaves "Sylvia Gymnasium" and a bucket to Miss Meehan.

Sally Hunt leaves three weeks of vacation to anyone who can afford them.

Nancy Lowenthal leaves her special foods and kitchen privileges to Gail Manson, and Mrs. Johnson in peace.

Ann Morgan leaves a well-worn path to the U. of R. River Campus to any girl who is extremely interested in the progress of the new Women's Campus.

Julie Newton leaves a private Study Hall to Gay Pierson.

Shirley Petrossi leaves a bushel of apple cores to Mamzelle.

Peg Pevear leaves a dark room in the morning to Mamzelle's next year's home-room class.

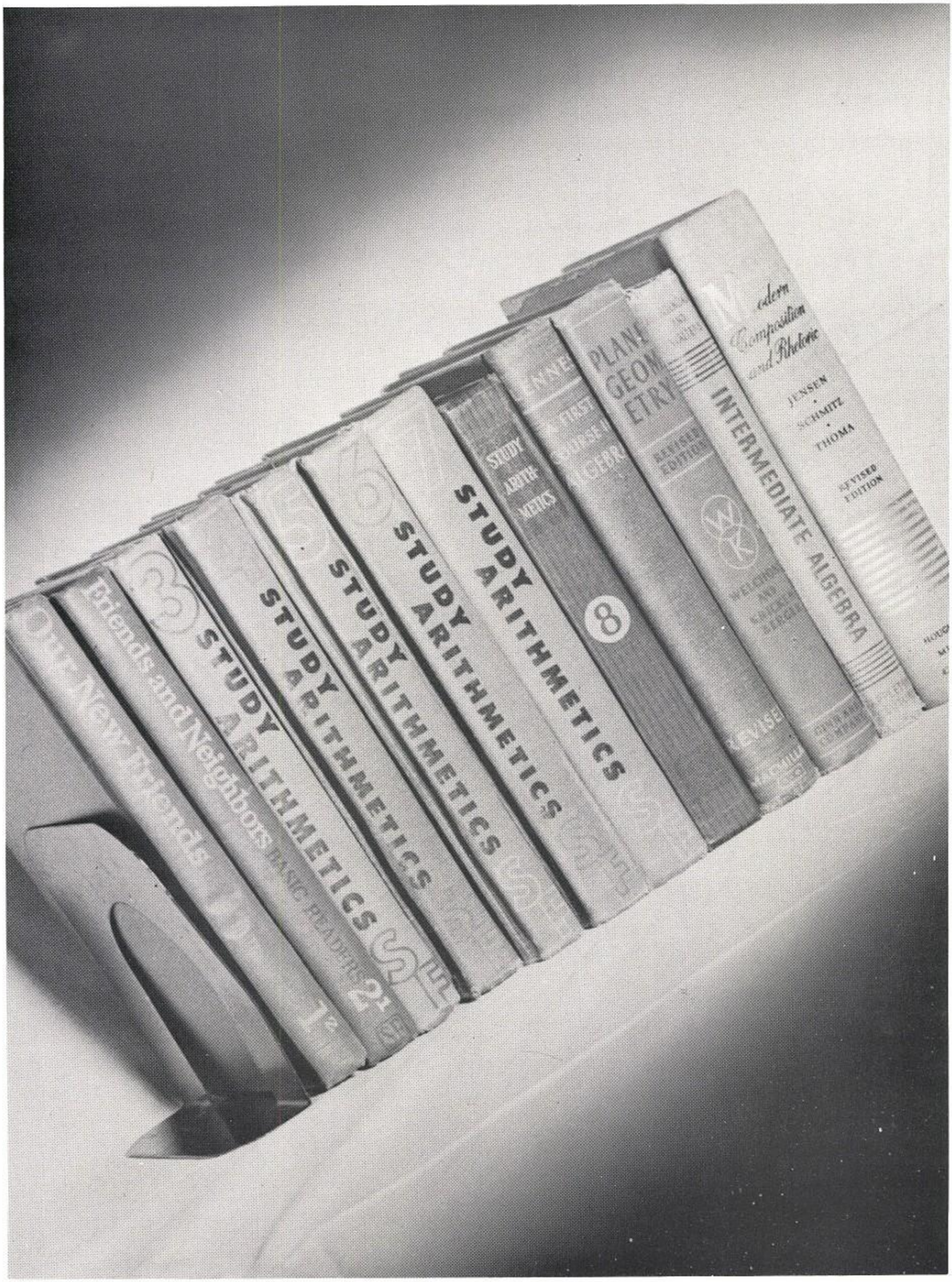
Cindy Thomson leaves her theory on "How to Get Along with Mamzelle" to anyone who can make it work.

Sue VanDeventer leaves.

And to all those who wanted to be remembered in our will and who have not been mentioned thus far. . . .HI THERE!!

Witnesses:

Margaret Reneard
Barbara Bowman
Peggy Foxall


Modern Composition and Rhetoric
JENSEN
SCHMITZ
THOMA
REVISED EDITION
INTERMEDIATE ALGEBRA
PLANE GEOMETRY
REVISED EDITION
STUDY ARITHMETICS
STUDY ARITHMETICS
STUDY ARITHMETICS
STUDY ARITHMETICS
STUDY ARITHMETICS
STUDY ARITHMETICS
STUDY ARITHMETICS
Friends and Neighbors BASIC READING
Our New Friends

SEATED: P. Critikos, G. Beere, D. Milella, J. Knight. SECOND ROW: B. Williams, M. L. Bratt, C. Clements, G. Manson, D. Dietrich. THIRD ROW: S. Bareham, J. Chapman, K. Gabel, L. Blount. ABSENT: C. Bryant, L. Lewis.

JUNIOR CLASS

Juniors...subtracted five and added three...making the class the smallest one in the upper school...but what they lack in size is made up in other ways...Chapman's slumber party--food, water-skiing, chatter, no sleep and more food... Finally got their licenses--it was a sore subject for a while... Best supporters of own candy-selling project...Liz thoroughly initiated at own going-away party...Full week-ends at last... Christmas Dance and Williams' open house...greatest vacation yet...Class dues--consequently always broke...Constantly knitting--what do they want to be?--old maids, or something?...Fathers'-and-Daughters' Banquet...Feeble attempts at dieting...Became actresses for class assembly... Discovered that blind dates aren't such a gamble after all... Social Welfare project--another play..."Where *are* you going to college?"...Saw a little how the boys live at prep school and liked it...singing never was their strong point, but they could be heard singing college songs in the queerest places... Star patronizers of the Blue Door, with the Sterling as an after-school and week-end meeting place...Carefree and happy, with plenty of serious thoughts behind it all..."Won't you please settle down and work?...June's almost here, and we're practically SENIORS!!!"

FIRST ROW: J. Miller, B. Bonner, B. Clark, W. Crouch, G. Forman. SECOND ROW: H. Elwood, S. Goldman, E. Kidd, C. Bennett, J. Adams, B. Richardson. THIRD ROW: B. Buckley, S. Wadsworth, A. Detweiler, S. Street, L. Clark, K. Carlsen, B. Erdle, J. Rodgers. ABSENT: M. deGogorza, P. Heuer.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

The Sophomores...minus seven plus five equals twenty-one "fools" ...wise, of course...hard workers...brimming with fun...noisiest homeroom in the school..."You'll never guess who called last night!" ..."Anyone have any ideas for our assembly?"..."Who's going to have the next Bridge Club?"...Swamped with homework...had trouble with French--verb charts!...murdered Latin II...Duly initiated the Frosh...were well represented in the Christmas play...had a wonderful time at the Christmas Dance!...open house at Kidd's!!... Mid-year exams--ohhh...Contributed quite a few to the Lake Placid expedition...This class can knit, too---they just didn't try as hard as the upper classes...Sports?--you bet!...hockey, basketball and horses, horses, horses...Most often repeated words: "Let's get going--we have a lot to do!"...May Breakfast and crowning of the Seniors ...What's the weather forecast?...Driver's licenses...hmmm...Work period--"Can't you get down to gym a *little* faster?"...Spring Fling--lots of work; lots of fun!...Finally brought out the pastels for Graduation...How will they like being Juniors?...Well, they won't have long to wait to find out!

The Freshman class of '57...class of 35...largest one at Columbia...Ardent social workers...can be found working at hospitals and clinics every Saturday... Went through the trials in Halloween initiations...gave the Harvest Bazaar in November--a great success...proved their ability as a large class working together... November twenty-fifth provided them with a chance to catch up on their sleep... amounts of food consumed forced them to diet drastically at lunch..."Good evening, Mrs. Botsford"...for many, this was their first year in their particular polite society ...All here to clean up on the morning-after-the-night-before...Had their first glimpse into the mystery of Columbia's Mid-years...Now that finals are upon them ...they hope that being Sophomores next year will be as much fun as being the traditional object-of-all-jokes-Frosh!

FRESHMAN CLASS

FIRST ROW: M. Huberlie, M. Hodge, S. Lennox, L. Brereton, M. Hyndman. SECOND ROW: R. Connor, M. L. Allen, J. Hudson, E. Knight, M. Whitaker, J. Phelps, S. Rodgers. THIRD ROW: L. Gordon, L. DeLaCour, W. Geib, P. Todd. FOURTH ROW: S. Smith, M. Barr, J. Fisher, J. Youngman, J. Cockcroft. FIFTH ROW: M. Poole, H. Royer, C. Hawkins, B. Pease, J. Marsland, R. MacCameron. SIXTH ROW: E. Brown, A. Shepard, E. Gleason, J. Cann, S. Clark, H. Hellebush, H. Cohen. ABSENT: S. McCanne.

The Seventh Graders...found anywhere and everywhere...A class of many interests...r i d i n g...much-anticipated Friday night dancing class...never-ending parties...Only one representative in the "Res"...Their Social Welfare project a great success...Now completing their first year in the Upper School, and looking forward to next year as Eighth Graders.

The present Eighth Grade class...energetic, on the go...Allendale and Allen Creek games are objects of attraction, the players subjects of talk..."Just think, next year we can go to the Christmas Dance!"...Some ride their own horses...Soon their homeroom will change and the Freshman homeroom will welcome them.

7th and 8th GRADES

KNEELING: J. Harding, S. Bush, B. Anstice, M. Gordon, K. Yuile. SECOND ROW: J. Nunan, E. Messler, S. Nichols, K. Allen, M. Poole, M. Saunders. THIRD ROW: A. Delafield, V. Hawks, J. Favour, A. Alberts, S. Luke, L. Allen, M. Crofton. FOURTH ROW: A. Wheeler, G. Pierson, H. Parlow, M. Logan, M. Ogden, J. Cann, D. Dutcher, S. Jones, B. Sanford, A. Trainor. ABSENT: C. Wright.

THIRD, FOURTH, FIFTH, AND SIXTH GRADES

FIRST ROW: T. Hickok, H. Knox, S. Harris, L. Del Monaco, C. Shantz, A. McCoy, R. Deverian, M. Jones, J. Willsea, E. Hughes, L. Swing. SECOND ROW: C. Davis, B. Luke, S. McBride, V. Buck, H. Neville, E. Murphy, L. Barnell, S. Howard, B. Beere, E. Case. THIRD ROW: C. Gandy, M. Hunting, G. Dunn, A. Wickens, A. Angle, W. Johnson, K. Anstice, R. Preu, C. Anstice. FOURTH ROW: M. Delafield, J. Harris, C. Castle, A. Fairchild, D. Lunt, P. Schuchman, M. Stewart, S. Hudson, L. Gordon. ABSENT: M. Pierson.

FIRST AND SECOND GRADES

FIRST ROW: J. Springer, S. Whitmore, K. Levy, P. Malone, G. Meader, S. Sheppard. SECOND ROW: B. Verlaine, K. Bechtold, S. Smith, M. Clark, C. Lunt, C. Wright. THIRD ROW: M. Harris, J. Yates, E. Wesson, B. Gervasi, M. Wickins, E. Reveley. ABSENT: A. Weismiller.

KINDERGARTEN

SEATED: J. Tappan, J. Clark, J. Shaw, L. Pflanz, S. Goslick, L. Prince. STANDING: S. Hickok, A. Neisner. ABSENT: G. Gioia, P. Atwood.

FRONT ROW: L. Brockway, S. Snyder, L. Field, D. Reveley, M. Slattery, R. Hallman. BACK ROW: C. Garvar, C. Beale, D. Smith, H. Hickok, R. Hickok, C. Wright, F. Fain, R. Pease. ABSENT: B. August, S. Summerlin, P. Zahrndt, S. Thornton, P. Hamblin, S. Harvey, W. Hinchey, W. Yates.

NURSERY SCHOOL

CALENDAR 1953

SEPTEMBER

14 We're back again, and those book reports are due!

18 Shirley returns after an educational (?) trip.

OCTOBER

7 Field Day indoors not dampened by weather outdoors.

22 Pencils pile into the school.

26 "Samanthy Ann, would you please explain this report card to me?"

31 The old gym is filled with tombstones--the Freshmen's.

NOVEMBER

3 King Midas shows us his "golden touch."

13 SPLASH! And is it fun!

23 The Freshmen put on a magnificent Bazaar.

25-30 Five days of a much-needed vacation.

DECEMBER

7 Clements the first Junior to slaughter the roads!

11 Tri-School Party a great success! The Seniors come up with a different (!) idea in book reports.

16 Christmas songs echo through the gymnasium.

17 Everyone has fun in the "Winter Wonderland."

18 We didn't know those Freshmen could gossip so early in the morning.

JANUARY

4 Back to school, and to the wonderful portrait of Mrs. Simpson done by Mr. Melenbacker.

15 Sal Hunt has her license at last!

OF EVENTS 1954

16 The school has an "empty feeling."
20-23 You guessed it--EXAMS!
24 One Senior in college--fifteen to go.
25 Wadsworth returns with a black eye gotten from playing hockey with the Northwood boys.

FEBRUARY

2 New cheerleading squad for Allendale is initiated.
4 Heather's Liberation Day.
13 Five girls invade The Homestead.
17 We get a first glimpse of our Navajo school.
22 Thanks to our first President we have a vacation.
23 Knitting contest comes to an end--girls can go on studying again.

MARCH

17 Fathers show their talent.
19 We're free--for two weeks.

APRIL

5 We're entertng the home stretch, and summer uniforms can be seen again.
10 The Upper School marvels at the breath-taking performance of Berlioz's Requiem conducted by our Mr. Hollenbach.
23 The girls finally found dates for the Spring Fling.

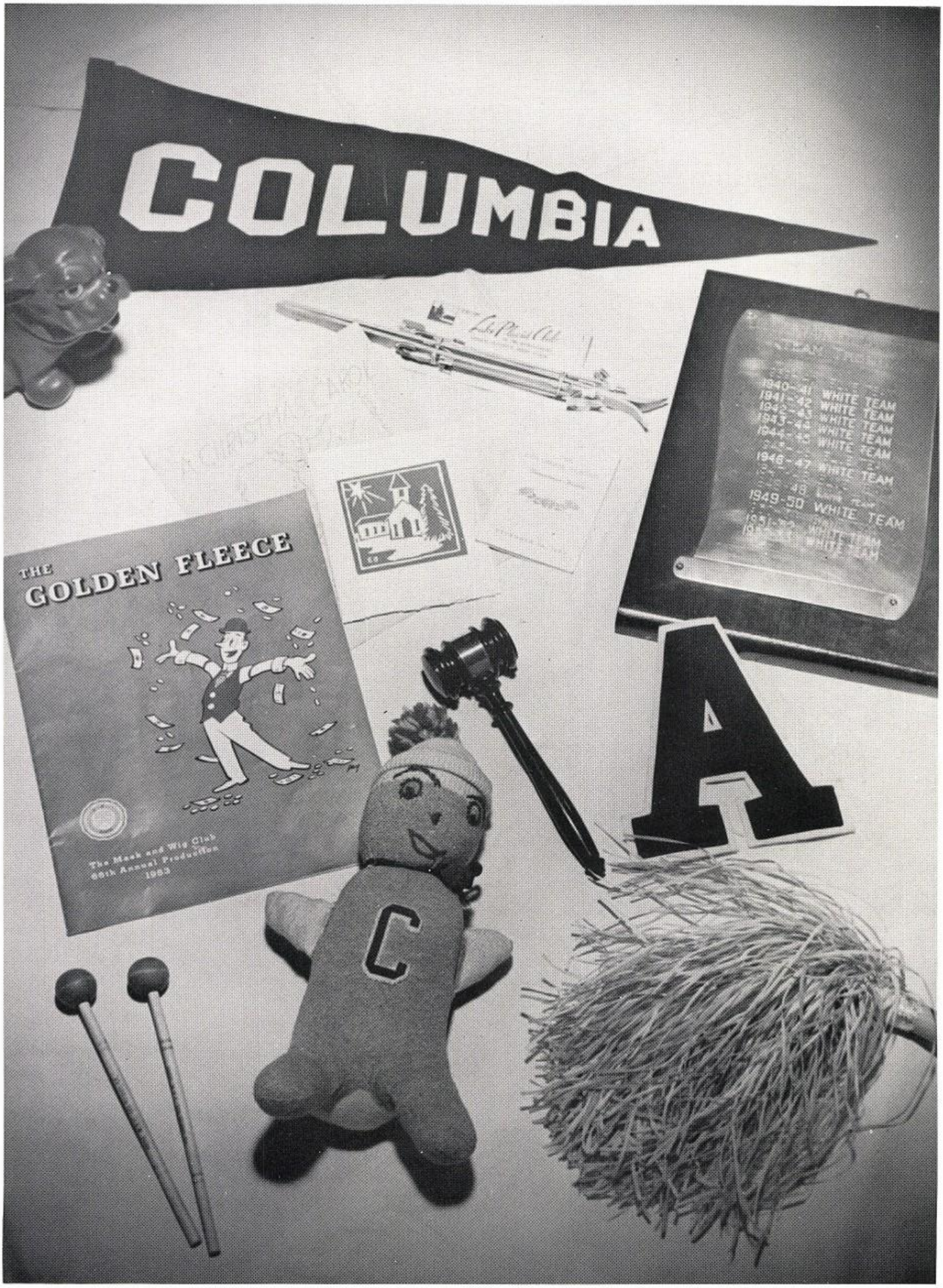
MAY

28 First of the finals.
31 We have a holiday--for studying.

JUNE

1-2 The rest of the finals.
3 "Lead On, Oh King Eternal"!!

1. I'm just singing you a lullaby. 2. Biology class?? 3. Please, Miss Child, mercy! 4. What's in there? 5. There's trouble brewing! 6. Studying on the bus, no less! 7. Where's Ace? 8. "And here you have..." 9. Where's that diet, Barb? 10. "School's out!" 11. There's music in the air! 12. Hi there!


COLUMBIA
THE
GOLDEN FLEECE
The Mask and Wig Club
85th Annual Production
1953
1940-41 WHITE TEAM
1941-42 WHITE TEAM
1943-44 WHITE TEAM
1944-45 WHITE TEAM
1946-47 WHITE TEAM
1949-50 WHITE TEAM
A
C

FIRST ROW: C. Bryant, S. Hunt (Vice-President), P. Foxall (President), Miss Skillin, P. Pevear (Secretary), R. Connor. SECOND ROW: N. Lowenthal, J. Adams, H. Elwood, J. Chapman, A. Alberts, J. Newton, C. Thomson, K. Allen, D. Cook. THIRD ROW: M. Huberlie, S. Lennox, S. Nichols, E. Kidd, L. DeLaCour.

STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council, which promotes more democratic living within the school, includes the chairmen of the main committees, and representatives from each grade. This year's President, Peggy Foxall, has done a fine job of carrying on old traditions and inaugurating new ones.

"We, the members of the Study Hall Committee, in order to form a more perfect study hall, establish concentration, and promote honor, have succeeded, with the school, in enforcing the forcing the rules of the study hall."

STUDY HALL COMMITTEE

SEATED: S. Jones, M. Harris, M. Hodge, J. Newton (Chairman), Miss Reid, A. Detweiler, P. Critikos. STANDING: M. Logan, M. Ogden, M. Crofton, S. Clark, B. Pease, B. Beale, J. Rodgers, L. Brereton.

FIRST ROW: A. Alberts, C. Bryant, J. Rodgers, M. L. Bratt, L. Lewis, J. Hudson, B. Sanford. SECOND ROW: L. Clark, B. Bowman (Business Manager), J. Knight, J. Fisher, P. Pevear (Editor), Miss Child, D. Cook, J. Phelps. THIRD ROW: N. Lowenthal, G. Pierson, S. Hunt, G. Broderson, B. Pease, A. Morgan, P. Critikos. FOURTH ROW: L. Gordon, G. Galbraith, H. Elwood, J. Adams, E. Blount, C. Thomson, P. Foxall, K. Gabel, J. Chapman, S. Goldman.

HOURGLASS STAFF

"Kids (oops!...I mean girls), let's be original! Which cover do you think we should use, the deep, deep blue or the gay, light shade? Oh...and don't forget the meeting tomorrow at recess!"

The lively Social Welfare Committee does everything from shipping clothes to needy Indian schools to supporting the March of Dimes and the Red Cross. They have even presented us with a Korean orphan. "And by the way, don't forget your CLEAN used clothes."

SOCIAL WELFARE COMMITTEE

SEATED: J. Fisher. LEFT TO RIGHT: G. Galbraith, G. Pierson, S. Hunt (Chairman), B. Bonner, Miss Cady.

LEFT TO RIGHT: G. Beere, J. Favour, B. Erdle, B. Anstice, N. Lowenthal (Chairman), J. Phelps, Miss Skillin, D. Cook.

HOUSE COMMITTEE

"The table lists change today, and the Sophomores start working." "Are the blackboards clean?" "Be sure to go down to the study hall during work period, so that the girls that are dusting can get at the chairs." The House Committee was really at it this year!

"Yea, Bo, White Team!" "C'mon, let's go, Blue Team!" These are some of the cries heard at our annual, memorable field day. SPLASH!...a new idea this year, and a great success!

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

SEATED: C. Thomson (Chairman), C. Wright. STANDING: S. Petrossi, A. Morgan, K. Gabel, S. Street, S. Rodgers, Miss Meehan, E. Messler.

SITTING: A. Morgan, E. Baltzer (Chairman), Mrs. Simpson, A. Delafield. STANDING: L. Clark, G. Manson, H. Parlow, L. Allen.

ASSEMBLIES COMMITTEE

"Oh, what an interesting speaker, and wasn't that an educational class forum last week!" These remarks refer to the fine job performed by the Assemblies Committee this year.

"Ten cents, please!" This is the fine for a violation of the standards which have been set by the Dress Committee and have been so stressed that everyone has co-operated.

DRESS COMMITTEE

SEATED: S. Petrossi (Chairman), Mlle. Vuagniaux. STANDING: S. Bush, J. Nunan, C. Clements, S. VanDeventer, C. Bennett, J. Youngman.

SEATED: M. Saunders, E. Brown. STANDING: P. Heuer, M. Cameron, S. Luke, E. Blount, M. Bratt (Chairman).

LIBRARY COMMITTEE

"Where *is* the *Pony Express* ? It's overdue!" These cries issue from under one of the study hall tables where one of the Library Committee members has crawled in search of a fugitive volume.

"On stage!" The dress rehearsal has begun. But of course the play will come off well because the ambitious Dramatic Club is giving its full support.

DRAMATIC CLUB

FIRST ROW: Miss Cady, G. Beere, S. Hunt, P. Heuer, N. Lowenthal, D. Cook, S. Lennox, M. Huberlie. SECOND ROW: M. Cameron, L. Lewis, J. Adams, M. Hyndman, J. Rodgers, H. Elwood, J. Newton. THIRD ROW: J. Knight, K. Gabel, S. Petrossi, B. Williams, S. Bareham, E. Brown, P. Pevear, A. Shepard, A. Detweiler, E. Buckley, C. Thomson, E. Baltzer, M. Harris.

LEFT TO RIGHT: Mrs. Fisher, E. Baltzer (Chairman), S. Hunt, R. MacCameron, E. Kidd, D. Milella.

MUSIC COMMITTEE

Putting on musical talent shows, distributing and collecting music, keeping order for the singing directed by Mr. Hollenbach--these are some of the valuable contributions of the Music Committee.

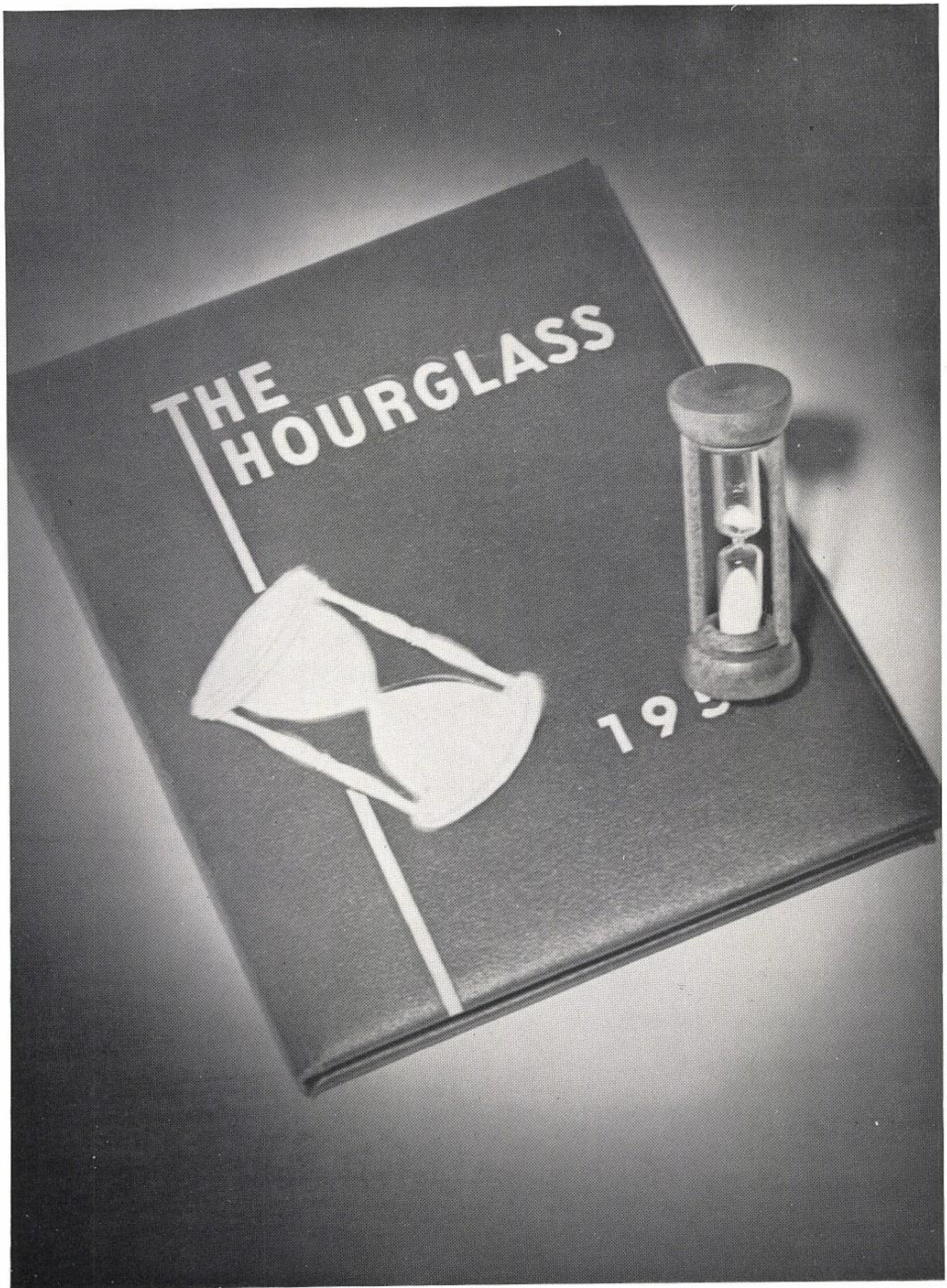
Like the hidden movements of a clock, these committee heads help to make the school run smoothly. They do not come into view, as does the face of the clock, but, in the end, the school could not run well without the help of these girls.

COMMITTEE HEADS

LEFT TO RIGHT: M. Cameron (Master Treasurer), M. Poole (Flag-Raiser), M. Harris (Keeper of the Pupils' Activities Book), C. Bryant (Bell Ringer), P. Pevear (Chairman of the Christmas Dance), J. Knight (Editor of the *Sanddrift*

SENIOR POLL

Miss Dragnet of 1954	Galbraith
Knows the Most about the Most	Bowman
Knows the Most about the Least	Baltzer
Most Depressed by the "Double Zero"	Petrossi
Most Grimly Efficient	Hunt
Least Sympathetic with the Opposite Sex	VanDeventer
Most Sympathetic with the Opposite Sex	Harris
Most Gifted Public Speaker	Thomson
Most	Morgan
Columbia's Gift to the Shadow Wave	Cook
Gripe Most Griped About	Money
Best Back-Seat Driver	Beale
Fogbound	Lowenthal
First to Get Hitched	Beale, Harris
Class Old Maids	Petrossi, VanDeventer
Throws the Longest and Strongest Line	Morgan
Biggest Bluffer in the Classroom	Pevear
Biggest Apple-Polisher	Foxall
Best Excuse for Knitting	Only one University in town
Favorite Invention	Sunday night parties
Biggest "Kid"	Cameron
Highway Menace	Lowenthal
Class Martyr	Baltzer
Class Wire-puller	Hunt
Social Butterfly	Pevear
Class Hustler	Newton
Scrooge	Thomson
Laziest	Everyone
Most Naive	No one
Prom Trotter	Bowman
Grave Robbers	Cameron, Cook
Windiest	Galbraith
Most Heartwarming	Class of '54


THE
HOURGLASS

SUN, SAND, AND SEA

He was huddled against the pilings driven deep into the sand--conscious only of the cool, moisture-laden air blowing against him in the darkness and the mysterious rumble of the sea.

He was alone.

Why had he come here? Was it for the solitude, the peace that comes to the world before the dawn? Was it to escape the things of the world and to turn to expression of the soul? Or was it an attempt to flee from haunting thoughts and troubles, to throw off the burdens that the day would bring?

It was probably the last, for the face resting on the strong brown hands bore a look of despair and dejection unusual to one so young. There were furrows between his brows and lines of thought or worry wrinkled his forehead.

What was his problem? A lover's scrap? A quarrel at home? Or was this something bigger, a sin or even a crime?

Was he capable of crime? The young face was rather hard, and there was nothing about it to imply honesty. There was a look of pride and arrogance in his eyes, which were not shifty, but haughty, superior.

The wind blew, the ocean rolled, and low in the East a faint glow could be seen.

The glow spread. Fingers, now gold, now silver, snatched at the darkness.

And then the sun burst out of the sea, chasing the blackness from every cranny in the beach and turning to gold the long-broken fragments of sea-shell nearly hidden in the sand. The day had come.

He sat on the edge of the dunes, the noonday sun beating down on his head and the ocean spread out before him.

The beach was a jumbled mass of running, shouting and laughing people, and the water was filled with floats and young people, toys and small children. There was a squad of lifeguards, each supervising the activity with one eye and appraising the bathing beauties with the other.

But he sat alone. He wasn't touched or affected in any way by the mob as he sat on the warm white beach, leaning against a twisted tree-trunk half-covered by the drifting, eddying sand.

He turned his head and studied the grass-covered dunes behind and beside him. A glitter caught his eye and, to see what it was, he stood up. There, not twenty feet from him, was a sparkling, sequined purse lying on an empty blanket and partially hidden by dune-grass. He looked around; no one was watching; it would be easy. He glanced again; the sequins were beckoning to him.

With slow deliberate steps he approached the blanket, trying to look casual. Another swift look about and he stopped. The purse was his. He hesitated a moment, thrust the purse into a capacious beachrobe pocket and turned his steps toward the center of town.

The white, glittering sand eddied and shifted, covering the footprints with a thin film of tiny breeze-driven particles.

High above the beach in a cracker-box house set on long stilt legs, a coastguard officer made a 'phone call. It was all there; he had the information right beside him--name, age, height, weight, and beneath it, "Wanted for armed robbery, assault and battery; third offence." A new charge would be added soon: "petty theft."

The whistles and sirens blew. Policemen poured onto the sand. The young man was not on the beach.

The sand swirled and shifted. The tracks were gone, obliterated by nature.

He emerged from the darkness of the marsh-grass into the pale moonlight and turned toward the sound of the sea. It seemed to call him and he hurried toward it.

The waves shimmered in the moonlight, rising to a crest, crashing down, and then foaming and pounding as they hit the beach. The sounds made by the rushing water formed a pattern, but each was an individual; its path could be followed from beginning to end.

He stood thus for some time, taking in the beauty and the mystery of it, the moonlight on the water and the mist blowing around him.

And then he frowned. This was something

he knew - the futility of being one person among the world's millions or one waterdrop among the millions of drops in the ocean - riding high on a swell, breaking into individuality as a bubble of foam, and then crashing, falling from the heights, to become lost as a part of a rushing mob, being pushed and pounded against a wall only to be washed away and swept up again in the never-ending merry-go-round.

He turned then, for he felt something behind him. It was a policeman. Now there was one on either side. A great form in front of him blocked the ocean from sight. He turned and went with them, the song of the sea still ringing in his ears.

Janet Adams

POSSIBLE FUTURE

Row on row
Of books on the shelf
Sulk in the dust
Of memories.
Their pages, once new,
Decay
With treasures
Undiscovered.

Page after page
Of beauty obsolescent
Rots in the stench
Of modern thought.
Immortal philosophy
Becomes stagnant,
With great truth
Forgotten.

Year after year
Plato and Socrates,
Peter and John,
St. Francis of Assisi,
The Sermon on the Mount,
The Psalms,
Milton,
Wordsworth,
Keats, and
Shelley
Die,
And die again.

Hurry, hurry, hurry...
The generations
Are absorbed
In the Atomic Age.
The individual,
No longer an element
Or a compound,
Is but an electron.

Grain by grain
The sand slips through,
But the hole is larger-
Time is the element.
Time is no more
For thought,
Dreams,
And philosophy.

Faster and faster
The grains fall,
But the glass has no bottom
Founded on thought.
When the last grain
Has disappeared,
Man is no more,
The Bible
Has no chance
To save Man...
From his fate.

Row on row
Of books on the shelf
Sulk in the dust
Of memories.

Peggy Foxall, '54

OUR "MOTHER GOOSE"

"Bonjour, Mlle. Cameron." *Really! These Seniors---they make so much noise!* "Morgan, what do you say when you come in? That is better. Do I want you girls to knit me a hat? Oh yes, that would be beautiful. But I don't want it all different colors--I want it red. Bonjour, Mlle. Newton. It must be red go to with my coat, and not so long; it will drag on the ground when I walk. Bonjour, Mlle. Harris." *Good grief, not another picture of a boy!* "My, isn't he handsome! His name is Bill? But

what happened to that other one, Andy? Oh, he 'ditched' you." *These poor geeses, they can't keep a boy for more than a week.* "Bonjour, Mlle." *Oh, this Foxall, I will use my red pencil all up on her papers.* "Foxall, come here. Your French is an abomination! Will you look at this paper. You don't understand? I'll give you your 'don't understand'! I wear myself out explaining this grammar and this is what you give me. Turn off that light, Baltzer. We don't need it. Put up the shades and there will be enough light." *You would think they were all blind. Oh, no, now what are they up to?* "Take it off--I do not want Newton's hat on my head. No, I do not want it." You Seniors, honestly! Oh good grief, take it off or I'll shake you like a plum tree! Now I have to fix my hair all over again." *Was that the bell?* "The bell has rung. The bell has rung! Do you all want to be mark' late? Come out of that closet right now, Galbraith. Beale, see if there are announcements. Bowman, go check up on the closet." *This room smells like a men's smoking club.* "Really, girls, do you want me to take over? These are supposed to be announcements." *These papers, they are impossible!* "All right, if there are no more announcements you may talk quietly. I said quietly!" *Oh, what's the use!* "You may go now. Van Deventer, put that chair back where it belongs. Not like that, I want them five in a row! Now get along, you will be late for assembly."

Cynthia Thomson, '54

A DESCRIPTION AND A THOUGHT

As the last note of Taps faded off among the silent trees I said a hasty goodnight, sleep-tight to my campers, grabbed my lantern and headed for the canoe dock. The night was bright and crisp, so beautiful that I felt like singing. Here and there the friendly light from swinging lanterns peeked through the trees. Whispers and suppressed giggles hung on the cold air as the counselors, free from the routine of the day, hurried off in search of excitement.

Taking advantage of the beautiful evening, and knowing that it was to be one of our last here, Cornie, Nan, Sylvia and I decided that we should paddle around the lake. As I neared the canoe house I heard Sylvia's familiar giggle and knew that they were waiting for me. I entered, kicked off my shoes and lifted my share of the canoe. The black water noiselessly received the canoe and held it close to the dock without a helping hand from us. Without a word we set off into the trail of the moon, each of us thinking her own peaceful thoughts. No sound ventured out of the darkness except the hushed gurgle of whirlpools when the paddles slid through the water. The majesty of the beauty almost choked me.

The mist was just beginning to rise and wispy fingers of it languorously reached upward to the full moon. One sliver of a cloud, a memory of the flaming sunset, was a backdrop for the moon. Above the mist still loomed the tall, straight pines with their silvered branches throwing long, wavering shadows across the mirror-still water. The picture was complete. And the rhythmic motion of my arms with the paddle lulled my mind to oblivion of all but the beauty at hand.

When the dying strains of Taps from all the camps had died, laughter drifted out onto the lake, and voices out of the mist announced counselors from many camps who, free from their tasks, had sought the silent lake for enjoyment, as we had. The voices approaching were familiar and the words of their song floated through the mist to us; we joined as did other voices from canoes veiled by the mist:

"...But you must have faith,
And you must have hope,
You must love and be kind and so-
If you search, if you wait,
You will find the place
Where the four leaf clovers grow."

When the words died away we dipped our paddles once again and set off for the end of the lake. In the distance we saw the candles from the Candlelight Service at Camp Norway carrying wishes out into the mist. The campers stood on the shore, each thinking, I was sure, of the gay summer days which had passed so swiftly, and of the candle seeking its way out

into the darkness carrying a dream and a hope for next year. The campers then filed slowly to their cabins as we stared thoughtfully after them. Over the water we sang to them, hoping that they would hear and understand the words which meant so much to us:

"Remember beside the campfire,
Remember when you're away,
Remember the friends you've made here,
...Remember where 'ere you wander..."

Yes, remember...remember and be glad that you've shared a bit of beauty in a world of excitement and nervous activity. From the diving float familiar words followed us as we paddled away. The Norway counselors had heard our song and had understood: "Should old acquaintance be forgot..."

My paddle dipped, circled, and dipped again while I thought of this significant thread of understanding between strangers brought into acquiescence by the beauty and peace of the moment.

Peggy Foxall, '54

CIRCLE

The gong rang twelve.
Darkness,
The mystery of night,
Blackness,
A dreary, empty city to behold.
It was night.

The clock struck six.
Now, light.
Gone was the fear
Of the night
A peaceful, serene city to see,
It was dawn.

The clock chimed noon.
Day,
Clearness of step,
People gay,
A busy, happy city now.
It was day.

The gong rang twelve.
Darkness,
The mystery of night,
Blackness,
A dreary, empty city to behold.
It was night.

Nancy Lowenthal, '54

HOME

Antony Passino, an elderly man with darting eyes, stood on the dock, dressed in a well-fitted navy suit, gleaming maroon tie, and highly polished black shoes. But behind his lustrous facade dwelled a bewildered anticipation.

The docks were active with the usual bustling and busy-ness of the docking of the ocean liners from the United States. Shouts in several languages sped about among the thronged crowd which stood behind a heavy cord.

Passino's eyes flashed hurriedly, as he looked around in confusion. With a small bag in one hand and his passport and papers clutched tightly in the other, he moved. It seemed as though a strong undercurrent rushed him to the custom's office. With hesitation in his voice he spoke in Italian to the efficient officers.

The imposing movement of the dock was being left behind now. Taxi horns blasted in the narrow, cobbled streets, and dark-haired policemen blew their whistles furiously in an attempt to untangle the impatient traffic.

Beyond this scene of commotion, the quiet, tired buildings of Genoa patiently, like the old retired fishermen, listened and observed new life. Time hurried by as Passino wandered among the streets and markets which were all that he had known forty-eight years ago

Now that he was at the place which he had longed for so often, he realized that it was not as he had left it. Instead of the colorful vender, shouting jocund songs about his wares, he saw symmetrical buildings aligned along the narrow walks, with glassy lettering spelling brand names of breakfast cereals, electric heating blankets, and radios. The music of the organ grinder had faded and in its place was the harsh blasting of car horns and radios. Across the street from the big church where flower stalls stood there was now a cluster of cheap souvenir

stands.

He walked dejectedly, his head bent over. Even the flashing of the bold neon lights could not penetrate this mood. A drooping form, he walked up the old hill of the city to the house where he had been born. The street was changed, too. Where was the tree by the last bend in the road where Cousin Angelo had had the mishap with the basket of olives?

Soon appeared a bullet-beaten structure, empty and neglected. Passino moved about the house, cherishing every small bit of familiarity. As evening drew her shade and the declining sun set a blanket of soft, rich jewels upon the Mediterranean, his thoughts began to unravel. He had awaited these moments for almost a half century, but now, what was it that he felt? Until this moment, Passino had thought of Italy as his home and had often dreamed of the joy of returning. But the reality was different, not as he had imagined it would be. His thoughts turned back across the Atlantic.

Down on the next level of the hill, a bell tolled twice, and soon voices from the old orphanage proclaimed with exaltation the glorious "Ave Maria", the same "Ave Maria" he had listened to in his small church in America. As if an angel had blown a response to Passino, he felt the answer in his heart. America was his home too.

Penny Critikos, '55

DISCOVERY

The seventh house in the long row of tenements is hers. She is a small thin girl, red hair trying to curl around her delicate, rather peeked, face. Slumped on the front step, thoughts run through her mind. Resentful, sullen thoughts. How she hates this shabby street.

On the broken cement sidewalk a man shuffles his way home. He is her next-door neighbor and she has never seen him look anything but tired and wan. A quick pity reaches her when she notices him, but it is quickly blotted out by scorn. It isn't her fault that he leads the kind of life he does. If he had tried hard enough, things would not have been as they are now. He turns wearily up the short dirt path leading to the door, by which some spring flowers are trying bravely to survive. The man stops and looks tenderly down at them. He stands there for a few minutes and then, as if on impulse, stoops down, all of a sudden no longer tired, and gathers two or three. Then on into the dingy interior he goes, carrying the pitiful little bouquet as if it were made of gold.

The small girl looks after him with a mixture of pity and scorn. But her eyes are drawn from him by two small boys a few houses down. They are fighting and then the smaller one runs crying to his home. The other boy stands watching him for a moment and then runs after him, calling. The one who is crying stops and turns. The older child comes up to him, followed by a small brown mongrel pup. The girl watches with wonder as their differences are forgotten in their simple joy over this dog. Can it be that the life here on the street, on which she has lived as long as she can remember, has its own joys and moments of happiness? No, she quickly puts this passing thought out of her mind. There is no joy in their dreary life.

Across the street, at one of the most run-down houses of the entire street, a poor boy selling magazines pauses, and then rings the doorbell. A shabby woman comes to the door. She looks compassionately at the poor hungry-looking young boy and invites him in. In a few minutes he emerges, pocketing some change and wearing a grateful smile.

It is getting dark and the lights are beginning to go on in the houses. From her seat on the still warm cement block, she can see into the houses clearly. The windows with the cracked panes reveal bare light bulbs which shed a ghastly and terrifyingly realistic light on the water-streaked wallpaper and empty bookcases. She tears her eyes away, stinging with tears of self-pity, and thinks passionately that she will escape from here sometime and never come back. She will forget all these people. What did they ever do for her? Had they ever had any happiness, or brought happiness into anyone's life?

She thinks again. No, her parents are kind,

even though always tired. It is dark now and her father should be coming home from his tiresome job selling magazines on the downtown street corners. She turns and searches the dark, narrow street for his figure. Five minutes pass. Ten. Then he comes into sight. How tired his face looks and yet how kind and understanding! She wonders if he hates the tenements and small grassless yards as much as she. He turns up the walk, bends down and kisses her on the forehead. She follows him into the house. A few minutes later, the family sits down for their supper. There are six children besides herself. She picks up her fork and then puts it down again. Between her parents has just passed a proud and tender and loving look. Their daughter suddenly realizes of what they are proud, and strangely enough, she also is proud of her family and their life. As she turns and looks happily upon all of them, she picks up her fork.

Jane Knight, '55

THE DOLL THAT SAVED THE DAY

Nan Dennis was scratching in the dirt with a stick. N. D. Then the date - 1775. There! That was how her sampler would look. With roses all around the border.

"Nan, come here," called her mother. Nan ran into her house. Her mother continued, "I have had word that your father was captured by the Redcoats. He is in a camp almost a mile from here. His general has sent me a very important note which is in code. He also gave me this doll. You see, its head screws off. It is hollow inside. Listen carefully. The note I will put inside. You must go to the camp where your father is being held. Secretly unscrew the top of the doll and slip him the note. He will be able to read it. Do not let anyone see you do this, even the other prisoners. I have packed your lunch, for you must go now."

Nan put on her sweater, got the doll and her lunch, and kissed her mother goodbye.

She started down the road feeling very much afraid. All sorts of terrible possibilities could happen. She shuddered! It was getting hot. Nan took off her sweater. The road was awfully hot and dusty. Nan decided to eat lunch. She was so thirsty! At three o'clock she reached the camp. There were little tents among the trees.

"Where are you going?" asked a man poking his head out of a tent.

"I'm going to see my father who is being held here," she answered. "Where is the prisoners' tent?"

The man showed her and she ran in. "Father, Father, when will you come home?" she asked as she burst into his arms. "I've started a sampler and you must see it!"

"When the war is over, I will come home," he replied, and then added, "If ever it is!"

Nan secretly unscrewed the head. Even her father hadn't noticed. She slipped her fingers down into the doll and brought out the paper. Then she screwed up the head. It worked!

Nan then held her father's hand, putting the paper into it.

After a while, Nan kissed her father goodbye and ran out. She ran skipping happily down the road with the empty doll. She had delivered the message and her mother had promised a cherry pie when she returned.

Julie Harding
Grade 7

WHICH TROPHY?

It was Friday night, the night before the most important event in the Alaskan year that is, the event most important to the Alaskan boys. Once a year on the last Saturday in December a big dog race was held. Only boys who were between the ages of twelve and eighteen and who had owned and cared for their own dog teams for at least three months could participate in this race.

The race this year was especially important to Rob Jackson, an American boy who had been living in Alaska for three years. When he was eleven, he had come to Alaska with his parents and his two younger sisters. The family had liked their new home so much that they had decided to settle down and remain there permanently, much to Rob's delight. This year was the first year he would be eligible for the race,

because until now he had not owned a dog team of his own. But now he not only had his own team, but also a beautiful sled and harness, all given to him by his Alaskan friend, Tau. Two more dogs were gifts from his mother and father, and the fifth dog, his leader, he had rescued from a man who had been treating the dog cruelly.

As soon as he awoke on the day of the race, Rob ran to the window and looked out to see what the weather was like. It was a perfect day! The sun was out and there was not a cloud in the sky. The snow on the ground glistened like silver, and the small snow crystals twinkled like stars as the sunbeams danced across them. Rob glanced at his clock. It was seven-thirty. There were exactly three hours until racetime, and he had much to accomplish before then. As soon as he finished eating his breakfast he ran out to feed his dogs, brush them until they shone like the winter sun, and polish his harness once more. Finally he was ready to harness his team. When he finished putting on the harnesses, he fastened onto the leader a tri-colored ribbon. The colors were his colors for the race, red, white, and blue, the colors of the American flag.

Rob drove his dogs slowly to the place where the race was going to be held, and at a signal from the starter led them up to the gate at his position, which was number four, the second position away from the far edge. All the boys were there by now and the starter told them to get ready to begin. Rob wet his lips nervously and tightened his grip on the handles of the sled, for this was it. This was the moment he had looked forward to for months, the moment when his team could run in the race.

Then suddenly the starter's gun rang out, and they were off! From the very beginning Rob's team and the team next to his were out in front. Number Five was slightly ahead of Rob when suddenly its lead dog stumbled in a rut on the track and fell, tipping the sled over. Horrified, Rob watched the whole team pile up, and saw the boy thrown into the middle of the track, in the way of the oncoming sleds. By the time the other racers saw the disaster it would be too late for them to stop. But if Rob should stop to rescue the boy, all chances of his winning the race would be lost. Even as he thought this, Rob was automatically slowing down his dogs, for he knew what he had to do. He stopped his team and ran back to remove the boy from the track just before the other three teams rounded the corner to finish the race.

Rob knew he had made the right choice, but that didn't much help the sorrow he felt as he saw another boy receiving the trophy for winning the race. But then, suddenly, a voice boomed out over the loud speaker and said, "After some discussion, the judges have unanimously decided to award a special trophy to Robert Jackson, in consideration for his forfeiting the race to save another participant." The man went on to say more, but his voice was drowned out in the cheering that followed his announcement. As Rob heard this he knew that the trophy he had won would mean more to him than the other prize ever could have meant.

Jonatha Marsland, '57

IF I WERE A TREE

If I were a tree
On this cold winter day,
I would shiver and shake
And scream in *my* way;
I would whistle so sharply
That folks might say,
"What a blizzardy, horrible
Blustery day!"

But I would always enjoy,
If I were a tree,
The voices of children
Ringing with glee,
As they shake from my branches
The light, fluffy snow,
Which coats them all over
With shimmering glow.

Claire Hawkins, '57

"ALONE"

"Alone!" roared the waves, as they washed the lonely island in the middle of the sea;
"Alone!" sang the wind on top of the hill, as it rustled through the leaves of the desolate tree;
"Alone!" whished the sand, as it blew around the only cactus alive on the hot desert day;
"Alone!" thought the child, as he watched the careless crowds go by, "I have lost my way."

I am alone, you are alone, as a ship on a stormy sea,
But God in his love reaches out to us. What a wonderful friend is He!

Judy Fisher, '57

SOFT FLAME

(Storm at Sunset)

Clouds brilliant and strong,
Soft with firmness,
Dark as embers and outlined with red.
Sky not still, but loud as pain,
Shaking the earth with its depth.
It is cold with emotion and movement.
Still, it is soft, warm as time-forgotten
lands that breathe heavy for rediscovery.
Sudden lights make the world waken as in morning.
But it is not morning.
It is an unusual night, with its deep blues and vivid reds.
Now there is a great noise as if massive timbers had lost their equilibrium.
Then again silence, with the flash of morning.
Minutes pass.
Minutes of wonder and amazement.
Then all is still except for color.
The sky is broken.
Great colors with feeling of depth turn softer and warmer.
Soft as flame,
Yes, Soft Flame
Soft Flame.

Karen Carlson, '56

THE MOUNTAINS

High above us, all around us,
Are the mountains.
Shoved out of earth with bucklings and heavings,
They tower above us.
Centuries they stood thus.
The great glacier came,
Leaving melted ice in pools to blush with the setting sun.
Rain pelted down their sides carving gullies,
Now grown up with scarlet flowers.
Full one hundred centuries, one hundred hundred,
They stood. Suns came up over them,
Gilding peaks. They are old now.
They want to rest,
Sinking into the earth that bore them,
Crumbling, falling.
Each winter huge chunks fall into yawning chasms,
Rattling and banging.
The mountains are tired.

Madeleine deGogorza, '56

HALLOWEEN

Ghosts come out!
Goblins shout!
Witches fly!
Owls cry.

Jack-o'-Lanterns lighted,
Children all excited--
Such a night you've never seen!
It is "Halloween!"

Carolyn Castle
Grade 6

AUTUMN EVERYWHERE

Autumn, autumn everywhere
In our hearts
And in the air,
In the smoke of burning
Leaves,
In ripe red apples
On the trees,
In the fragrant grapes,
In the beauty of the trees,
In the softness of the
Breeze,
In the fun and frolic
Everywhere!

Sally Hudson
Grade 6

I AM WITH YOU

She walked alone amidst the implacable multitude.
They rushed by her like trains in the night, not offering a glance nor smile.
Her young eyes searched the avenue, her feet bore her many miles.
No friends about her, her heart was in solitude.

Shops were closing, leaving only picturesque windows lit.
Mannequins with gowns and furs visioned a young girl's dream.
Her deep brown eyes gazed at these luxuries fashioned by those accustomed to the expensive life.
Her face became lifeless and pale, and thoughts of her existence jostled in constant strife.
Remembering her past and foreseeing the future, she ran, stumbling, to the wharfs, to the pit of the sea, the end, the last whip.

Her flight was from reality and the never-ending loneliness of everyday,
Alone, afraid, desperate, without hope.

A shaft of light pierced through her dark despair, reminding her of the Bible teachings of her childhood days.
She turned from the forbidding sea and its angry waves,
Remembering that Jesus said: "If I am with you, who can be against you?" "Lo, I am with you alway."

Martha Harris, '54

LIES

"Darling -- Johnny -- now just tell your grandmother you're sorry that you lied to her."

"I did not lie."

"Now another lie - to your mommy and grandmother both! He's a very bad child-don't you think so, Mother? -----You know that Mommy's always told you never to lie. Now you did tell grandmother that you were going to that summer camp, didn't you, Johnny?"

"Yes."

"And you wouldn't lie to Mommy, would you, dear?"

"No."

"Then why did you lie?"

"I didn't, Mommy."

"This is getting ridiculous! You just now contradicted yourself. Why did you ever say such a thing in the first place? Who said you were to go to that summer camp? -----He didn't think it up himself, Mother, I'm sure of that. His father is always putting ideas into that child's head.-----I know we discussed it the other night, darling, but you know that we'd made plans to go to Mexico."

"I don't want to go to Mexico, and you said you'd think about the camp."

"Just like all children!-----Johnny, you must learn not to twist my words around. Now we'll forget this whole business. Just simply tell grandmother you didn't mean to lie and never will again."

"Mommy, I thought you said...."

"You just made things sound the way you wanted. -----What a silly child! Any sane person would jump at the chance of going to Mexico. Mother, have you ever heard anything so absurd? -----Johnny, think of all the fun you and Mommy will have together. You'll be Mommy's señor there, and take her out to dinner to the restaurants. Now simply say you're sorry.

"Say something, dear. Don't just stand there like the cat's got your tongue."

"But I thought-----"

"I don't care what you thought. Now either say you're sorry or go to your room."

"No."

"Then go. Go right now. Well?"

"I'm sorry."

"You're sorry you lied, darling?"

"I'm sorry I lied."

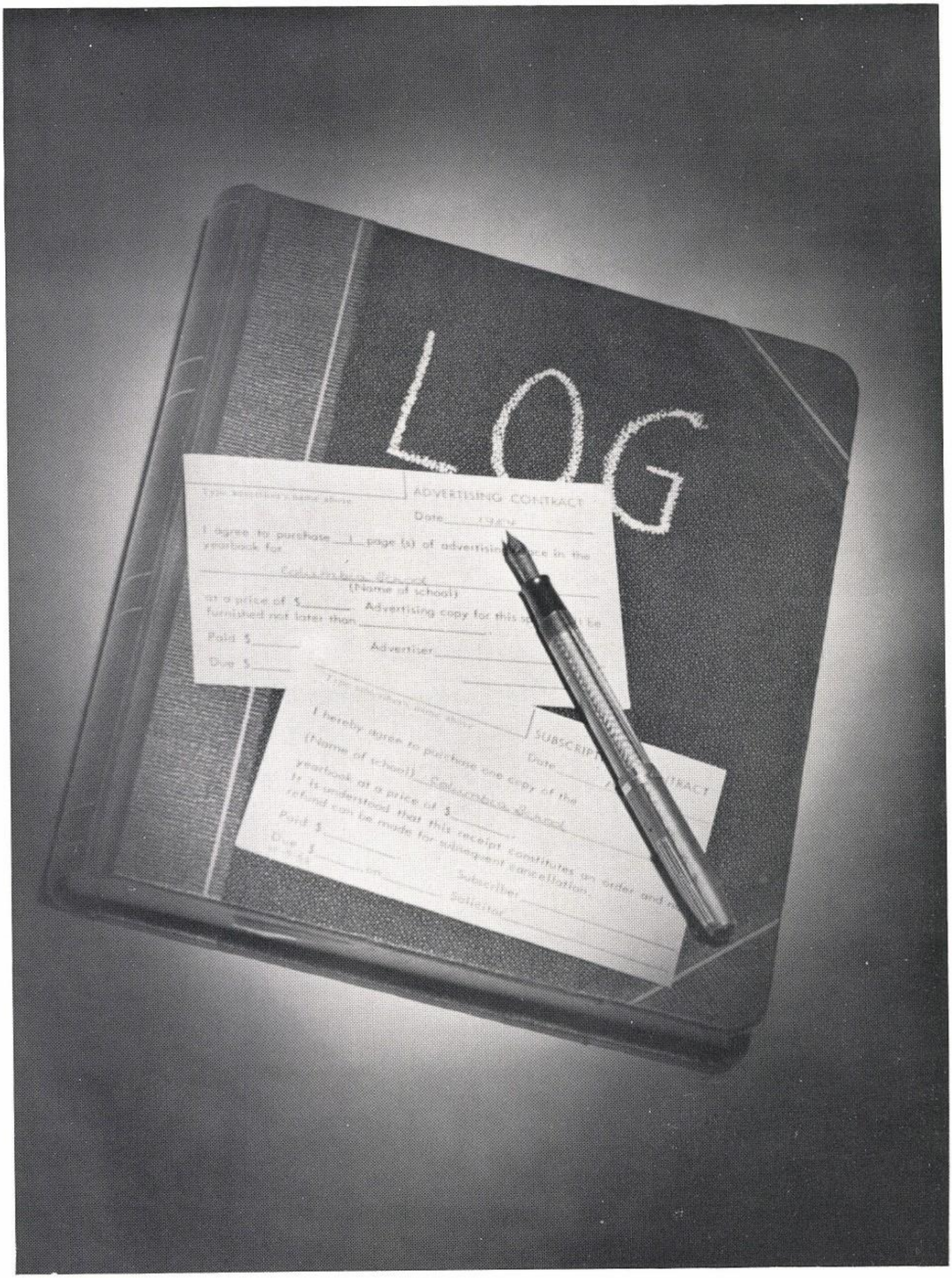
"Good boy. Now give Mommy and grandmother a kiss and you may go play."

But Johnny had already left.

"Just like his father. What am I to do with him?"

"Mexico will help, dear."

Nancy Lowenthal, '54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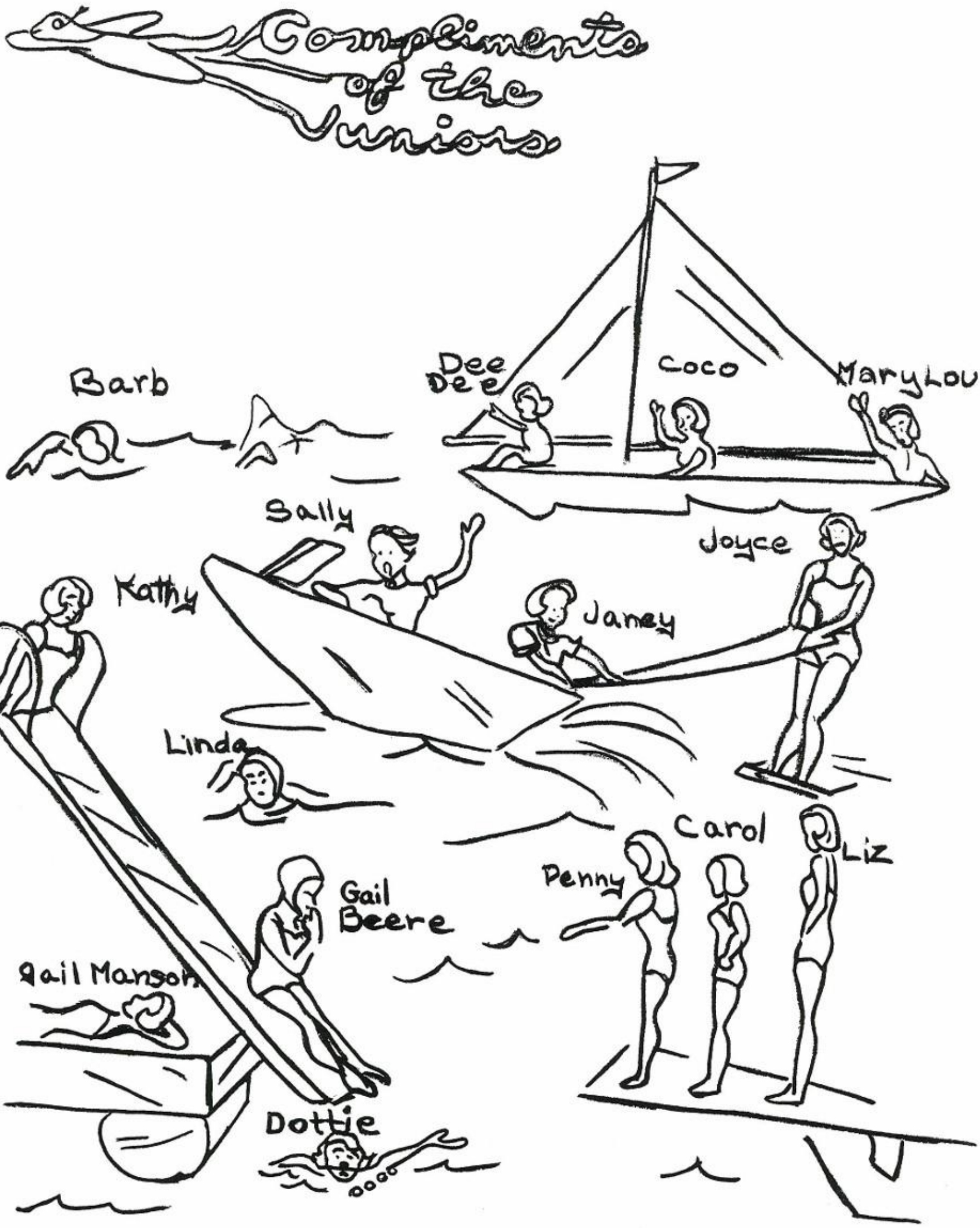
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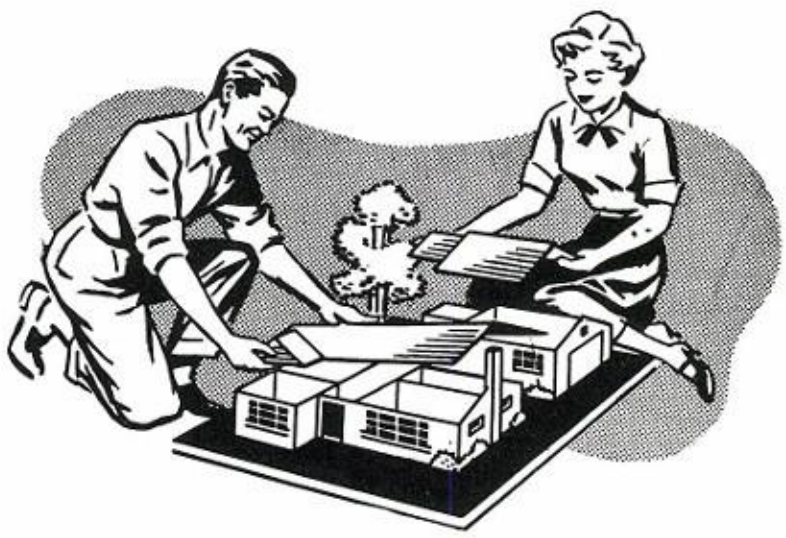

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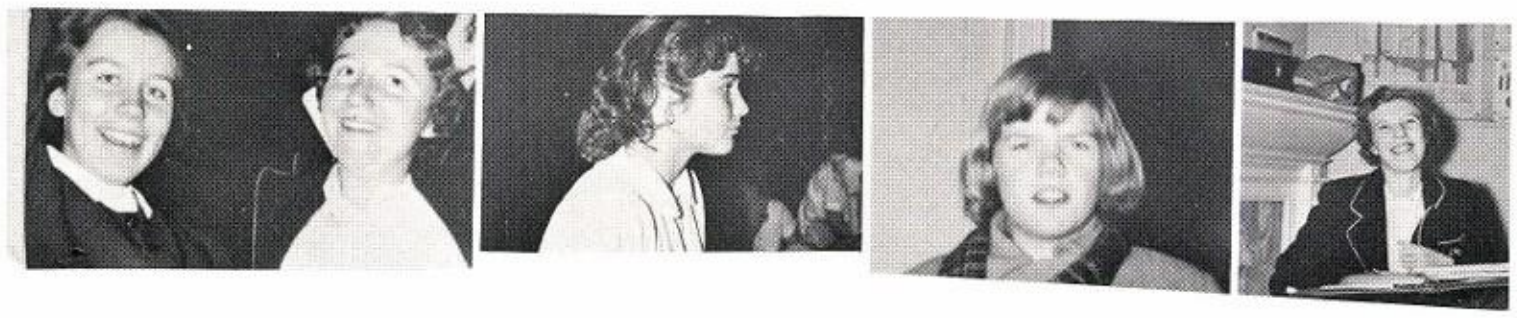

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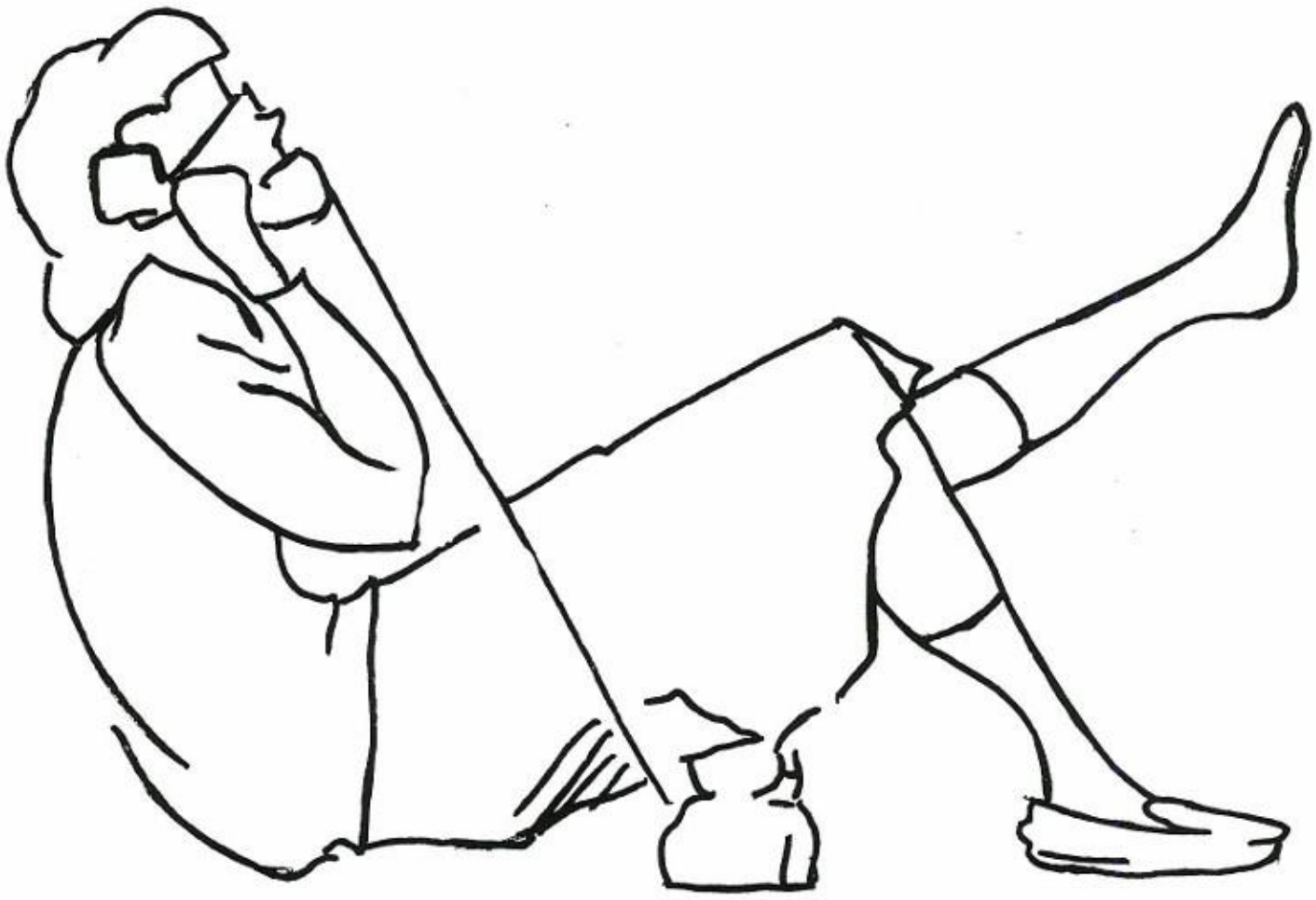

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Dear Bobbie,

It sure has been fun knowing you these past five years. Remember all the fun that we had with Mr. Finkle?? That was a ball. Well we will have a night of this with Merle and Jim. Its to bad you didn't meet Chuck. You and Jim look Cozy. this pen is running out of ink. HaHa. Cheer up ill make it. Now have fun in California and don't forget to write. If I remember rightly your pen ran out of ink in Don & Babs and you had to use mine so now we even. I don't think that I will get to use up all of this page but I will try. I will finish it after the meeing is over and than I will have much to say. I wish Merle would shut up so I could write.

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